

Innis Herald
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SEASON'S GREETINGS

Prof. Payzant admitted that this was true, but he went on to say that the students were protecting with a sixteen inch gun those rights which might need defending once a year with a fly-swatter.

Keep the Associates

Should the Associates be abolished? Since Innis graduates its first class this spring, the question of what will be come of the Associates increases in importance.

The Associates are a group of fifty interested individuals who originally came together to act as "instant alumni" for the College. They have donated scholarships and bursary funds, and are helping to plan the future Innis College Building. The Associates come from a diversity of professions. The group includes lawyers, doctors, housewives, businessmen, editors, teachers, professors, artists, and musicians. It is important that we keep the interest of these people.

There is no reason why the Innis alumni couldn't be called the Innis College Associates. These 'New' Associates could include the present group as well as the graduates of the College. There are definite advantages in keeping the present group of Associates. In the first place, in their professional capacities they can offer advice to the College. They can assist the students in setting up art clubs, theatre groups and debating societies.

The Associates are going to be needed during the "building years" at Innis. The facts of the POSAP plan are that University funds cannot be used for bursaries and scholarships. Innis needs the co-operation of the present Associates to help the early graduates raise money for student aid. It is unrealistic to assume that recent graduates, fending off the world with a B.A. can, single-handedly, support a college student aid program.

Another advantage of the Associates being the name of the alumni is that non-graduates can, from time to time, be asked to join. For such things as the setting up of a drama society, professional help from non-graduates could be very helpful. The Innis community could be more than just an academic one.

The name "Associates" implies participation; the word "alumni" emphasizes the past. Let's have a name which is alive for a group of graduates and others who can give something valuable to the college.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

sour grapes

We feel that it is important for every College within this university to have a newspaper, to voice the opinions and complaints of the students, to notify them of events, to inform them of interesting or amusing experiences, and most important, to project the image of the College. Thus the quality of the articles in the paper reflects the competence of the students writing them, and adds to, or detracts from, the image of the College. Therefore, we object strongly to the policy of the editor of this newspaper to hack to pieces almost every article submitted to him, resulting in a paper full of incoherent, childish writings. His job should

be to read the articles and then, accept them or reject them as they are--not to eliminate paragraphs, change sentences, and destroy the line of thought of the article. Granted it is the editor's prerogative to edit articles, but he should consult the author before making drastic changes. If the editor feels there is not sufficient space to print an article in its entirety, it should be saved for the next issue; if he feels it is not worthwhile, he should reject it rather than ruin it. Otherwise, we might as well have a paper full of articles written by the editor, submitted by the editor, and edited by the editor!

Fran Linton
Melody Muise
Innis II

college focal point

The Innis College newspaper, in my opinion, is to be highly commended. The editor, in his selection of material, has chosen a wide range of topics. Those that deal with student participation in the affairs of the College are interesting and controversial. Mr. Bayly has inquired into some of the aspects of life in Toronto which we might otherwise overlook--for example, the

article on the Riverdale Zoo. He has attempted to relate Innis College to the general "community of scholars". The paper is widely read and discussed by students, not only of Innis, but of other colleges and faculties, as well. Innis College is growing up and the paper is becoming a focal point of its growth. Continued Success!

Lynn Hutchings
Innis III

but you were not there

Last week Innis had a party to provide gifts for underprivileged children at the University Settlement. The number of gifts was almost respectable but the number of people present was completely disappointing. There were only enough of those Innis students, (students who are known for their spirit,) to sit around one table. Most of the food was left and the party was a social failure. One small girl spent several days arranging this party--sending invitations, providing food, delivering presents--and only a handful of us did anything to make it seem worthwhile. You certainly would have been sympathetic if you had seen her waiting for people to come, if you had seen her standing almost in tears but still bearing up as if nothing had happened, if you had seen her gathering up the food wondering what to do with it--but you were

not there. Don't let Innis get as apathetic as U.C.--it's already worse!

W. G. Munshaw
Innis II

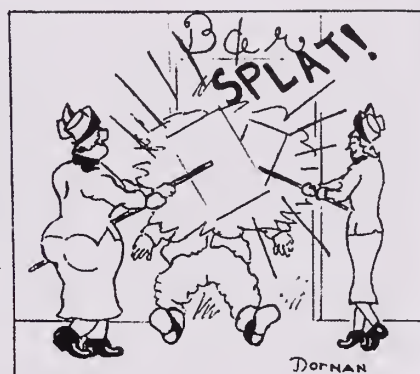
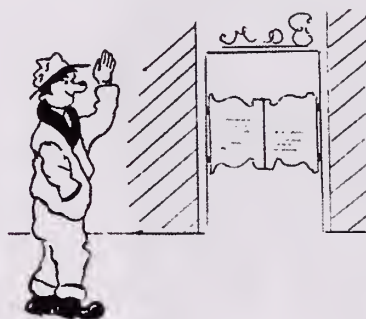
INNIS HERALD

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We came out a week late. Sorry. No star sighted in the East this year. No shepherds. One dog named Harold hung around a while. Season's Greetings from us.

This is the Army, Mr. Jones

by Dianne Pindred



"Who? The Salvation Army. Oh they play carols at Christmas, scrape up drunks out of the gutter and stand on street corners ringing bells. I've heard they do some good work at their downtown mission . . . Red Cross with bonnets and cymbals. In those uniforms, they seem a bit out of date, but I usually help them out when I see them with their 'cheer Kettles' at Christmas time."

This is a common conception of the Army. But who started the movement and why?

It began with William Booth, a young, ordained Minister in the Methodist Church, who felt obliged to resign in 1862 when he was prevented from doing evangelical work. For three years he had no church home, but during this time he felt a strong compulsion to do the work to which God had called him, and so he preached to any audience willing to listen. In this way, he prepared himself for the work which, unknown to him, awaited his hand in the squalor and filth of London's East End. It was common in the 1860's for people to starve to death in the streets. While holding meetings in this area, Booth was deeply moved by the vice and great sorrow surrounding him. Never before had he seen the extent of human ruin.

His war on vice and its degrading effects began in the birth of the Christian Mission. Its first services were held in tents, vacant dance halls and theatres. The meetings were jammed. Booth, an eloquent and inspired speaker, made converts at every service. These people did not know the old church hymns, but they certainly knew the hit songs of the day. A few changes in words, and the services were soon rollicking to "Champagne Charlie" (Bless His Name, He

Sets Me Free), "Stick to My Heart Like a Penny Jam Tart" (Glory to His Name) and "I Traced Her Little Footsteps in the Snow, Don't You Know" (The Blood of Jesus Cleanses White as Snow.) These songs quickly took the place of revival hymns as the masses disliked anything "churchy".

Rev. Booth had no intention of making a new Protestant church. He encouraged the new converts to attend the church of their choice. But they just didn't fit in. What prim old lady wanted a former skid row bum sitting in her pew? The new Mission didn't attract the most savory characters; but neither do physicians try to heal the healthy.

In 1878 Booth was checking the proofs for his Report of the Christian Mission. The title page read "The Christian Mission under the supervision of Rev. William Booth is a Volunteer Army." Raising his pen, he struck out the word "Volunteer" and replaced it with "Salvation". "We are not volunteers, for we feel we must do what we do, and we are always on duty." And in that moment the Christian Mission became "The Salvation Army". Gradually, military terms were adopted. Booth became General and his ministers "Officers"; members were called "Soldiers" and the churches "Corps". The Uniform was adopted and women began to wear large, plain black bonnets--fashionable in their day. There were many who delighted in persecuting and ridiculing the newborn Army--The bonnets offered good protection against eggs and other missiles.

Booth realized that the salvation of the body is the key to the salvation of the soul. He also knew that a man is not going to worry about the emptiness of

his soul when his stomach is growling and his feet cold. It was inevitable that the army would extend itself into the area of social work. Now there are homes for unwed mothers. In prisons and courts Officers visit daily and often stay with condemned men right to the gallows. The Army worker helps drug addicts not only to the point where the chains of addiction are broken, but also to restore their sense of self-respect. There are Army orphanages, nursing homes, hospitals, schools, anti-suicide bureaus, homes for wayward women, and a "Harbour Light" in the skid row area of every major city. These facilities are also found in missionary countries, with such additions as hospitals for lepers and schools for the blind.

Last year was the centenary year of the Salvation Army. In just over 100 years the Army has expanded until now it is represented in almost every country by approximately 3,000,000 members. In Toronto there are now over 35 Corps.

In 1912 General Booth, over 80 and blind, expressed the true salvationist spirit in his last message in the Royal Albert Hall in London:

"While women weep as they do now--
I'll fight
While little children go hungry
While men go to prison--in and out
While there is one drunkard left, or a poor lost girl on the streets . . .
While there remains one dark soul
without the light and love of God--I'll fight!
I'll fight to the very end."



OLD MARKETS . . .

by Elaine

Fed up with the gloss and gleam of bright, modern stores? Then, go to Toronto's Kensington Market. You won't find long rows of cunningly arranged goods here, nor the passive white-coated persons who monitor them. You'll find, instead, a sort of modern Tower of Babel.

If you have an hour or two to kill, just turn west off Spadina, south of College, and see what I mean. You will be greeted by smells of newly-baked bread, spicy meats, and old cheese--impossible to resist.

And the noise! Imagine Innis's lunch-hour din magnified several times, and you'll have an idea of the pitch and volume.

The entrance to the market is unspectacular, with a few fruit and vegetable stalls. The stalls grow bigger and better as you get

closer to Kensington Avenue. There you stand, gazing at fresh food literally spilling out onto the street.

But that's only part of it. Poulterers run a thriving business with eggs that are proven fresh by the incontestable evidence of having the chickens standing by.

Meat sellers are invariably cramped into box-like shops, where twenty kinds of sausage cover the walls and hang from the ceiling. Steaks, chops, and roasts are always on special--probably no one can remember having bought something for the 'regular' price.

Parts of the market resemble a mid-way. A little stall will sell wallets with birthstones on them, piles of costume jewellery, ten-cent china, and pennants. The most exciting kind of stall is

the big brother of this one. Impressive-looking rugs hang all around it. On the tables are shoes, and no doubt, ships and sealing wax too. At one, a pretty Italian girl was trying on a pair of white slippers, with her mother and the vendor taking a spirited part in the proceedings. The girl liked them, and said, "How much?" "Quanto costano?" said the mother. "Dollar twenty-nine," was the answer to which the mother gave a mighty snort, delivered a few well-chosen phrases at the vendor, and marched off, daughter in tow.

Wanting to cheer him, I asked the man where his brightly-coloured rugs were made. "Italy."

"How much?"
"Very cheap"

He'd obviously sized me up



NEW WORLDS

Beilin

with the sure eye of experience, and decided that I wasn't the type to buy bright Italian rugs. The look on his face was very knowing, as I bought a forty-nine cent key chain.

Cross the street, and you have to dodge delivery trucks, taxis, and bicycles. A mother yells at her son who refuses to get in the car without the Popeye bottle-opener, to "Shedup an' geddin." Three very good-humoured boys pass along bushels of apples from truck to stall, exchanging insults with the truckdriver.

Behind most of the stalls are shops, where permanent businesses retire in the winter. There are a few real supermarkets, which are still a far cry from the chain store. You poke around dark and disorderly shelves, and find with surprise

the old, familiar brand names. One advantage--it puts the thrill of the chase back into shopping.

True to the spirit of the housewives' investigation committees, I did a bit of price comparing.

There's not much difference, except that at some of the stalls, produce, such as apples, is quite a bit cheaper than in the chain store. But, everything looks so much fresher, displayed in the open air, that you'd want to buy it there anyway.

Ever seen a twenty-pound slab of butter? In the dairy stores, they'll cut you a lump from a piece which is that big, and wrap it up before your eyes. They also have enormous cheeses, which make you feel embarrassed to ask for anything less than a pound.

The vendors belong to one of two schools of thought--those who

favour the insultingly aggressive method of selling, and those who seem totally indifferent to whether or not a customer buys. Surely the president of the former group was the lady in the bakery. I asked her how much the bagels were. Without answering, she put four into a paper bag, and said, "That's twenty-eight cents." I murmured thanks in a small voice, as I paid her the money.

I went to the market that day, intending to buy milk, apples, and eggs. Within an hour, I found myself with bananas, bread, nylons--six for a dollar--a key chain, a scarf, and a meatloaf pan besides. Realizing what I'd done, I left the confusion of Russian, Italian, Yiddish, Hungarian, and German voices and signs as quickly as possible and headed for the steady noise of Spadina Avenue.

La Mort, L'Apothéose de la Vie

par Guillaume Georges

Dans La Vieille Ehontée, on voit une vieille dame qui, après la mort de son mari, commence à vivre à l'âge de soixante-dix ans. Mais il n'y a qu'un moyen de vivre; il y a un moyen de mourir. C'est l'apothéose d'une vie d'une femme, d'une éponge, d'une mère, d'un être humain. C'est facile de comprendre l'esprit d'une femme qui maintenant peut faire toutes les choses dont elle songeait depuis son enfance, mais n'avait l'occasion de satisfaire jamais. Elle devient encore un enfant. Elle mange des grandes glaces aux fruits; elle monte l'escalier roulant, elle descend l'escalier roulant, elle remonte, elle redescend . . . Elle achète une voiture luisante; elle va au cinéma; elle est toujours avec les jeunes. C'est l'histoire d'une femme qui avait trop de devoirs en élevant une famille pour connaître les joies de vivre.

Sylvie joue la vieille dame. Mais elle n'est pas une actrice; elle est la dame elle-même. Il y a un éclair dans les yeux et un sourire sur les lèvres et un son dans la voix que force l'audience d'oublier que Sylvie est une dame qui représente la vieille femme parle à Sylvie joue la dame d'une simplicité que fait La Vieille Ehontée un des films plus émouvants. Le film est plus grand pour la simplicité qu'il peut être s'il était à grand-spectacle. Non seulement Sylvie joue la vieille dame avec simplicité mais aussi la vieille dame est simple. Elle porte des vêtements simples, elle mange de la nourriture simple, elle parle des mots simples. De Fiat, elle dit presque pas des mots.

De fait, en beaucoup de scènes, il y a presque pas des sons. C'est un silence paisible et ém-

ouvant. En une scène on ne voit que le profil de la dame quand elle mange, sans bruit. Sans commentaire on peut voir une femme simple et quète, paisible et contente, pauvre et tranquille. Ensuite elle fait la vaisselle; il n'y a que le bruit des plats. C'est magnifique. En une autre scène la vieille se lève (d'un lit a deux personnes dont elle dort tout près d'un côté), va au dehors, et regarde les lumières de l'autre côté de l'anse. Le seul son est le murmure du vent dans les arbres. C'est parfait.

Peut-être elle se souvient de sa vie et de sa famille. On voit l'amour de la vieille pour sa famille la traite mal. Elle a un petit-fils qui veut devenir musicien mais son père ne lui permet pas. Son père casse sa guitare pour l'empêcher de devenir musicien et le petit-fils part de la maison et devient musicien. Toujours la vieille dame soutient son petit-fils. Ainsi, dans la guerre entre les jeunes et les vieux la vieille éhontée se joint aux jeunes. Le fils de la vieille a des problèmes--ses affaires ne réussit pas, il n'a pas assez d'argent, il a des accidents, son fils veut devenir musicien--mais il essaie d'aider sa mère. Après avoir élevé cette famille-ci la vieille femme veut élever des autres. Elle est une amie d'une prostituée pour qui elle achète des vêtements, va au cinéma, et achète une voiture. La vieille aide un jeune communiste pour lui acheter un magasin de souliers. Il n'est pas encore communiste mais c'est mieux le capitalisme. La fille et le communiste sont comme des autres enfants. A la fin de sa vie la vieille éhontée commence à vivre encore une fois. Sa mort est l'apothéose de sa vie.

LACROSSE CHAMPS

On Thursday, December 8, the Innis Lacrosse team won the Intermediate Championship, defeating PHE-C, 10-7. This marked an undefeated season for the new champions. Scorers were Ron Tanaka 2, Bob Besley 2, Norm Okithiro 2, Ralph Grey 1, and

Merv Kril 5, (this adds up to 12, but the refs weren't mathematically inclined.) Congratulations also go to the other members of the team--Glen Rogers, goalie, Terry Beveridge, Rick Scott, and Dave Rosen. Great playing, guys, and let's have a repeat performance next year!

BLACK RADICAL?

by Ken Saul

"Don't believe everything you read!" How often have you heard that statement? If you listened to Stokely Carmichael last Thursday you would realize how distorted an impression one can get from the press.

I went to hear a black radical. I heard an articulate realist. I went to hear a man who preached black violence. I heard one who abhors the daily violence of white bigots and is desperately searching for a way to stop it. I went to hear a muddled thinker who had grossly distorted ideas and ideals. I heard a man of such intelligence and such clarity of thought and action as to put to shame many of the supposedly superior people of our academic community. In short, what the press led me to expect was not the Stokely Carmichael I did encounter.

Carmichael possesses a sharp sarcastic wit as evidenced by his reference to "that political cham-

eleon who is Vice-President" who answers, "How high?" when Johnson says "Jump!" He can also be amusing without being vindictive. When asked what cultural advantages the Negroes possess that are not already shared by whites he replied, "James Brown". He also mentioned when he came to the word Constitution in the text of his speech that he could only say three-fifths of that word.

In light of personal contact with Carmichael, I wonder about many of the other values and attitudes that I profess. Are they dictated by the media and public opinion? How many other things have I been conditioned to accept that do not stand up to realistic and objective analysis?

LIVE IN THE WEST END?

WANT A CHRISTMAS TREE?

Call David Notman (766-9861)

Miss Innis College Christmas Card



Miss Innis College Christmas Card is growing a beard. It's just one of those things which seem to happen at Innis.

The pageant which elected our bearded princess took place on Friday, Nov. 25 in an overcrowded Common Room.

It started well with Jack Newman as moderator and Regina Cleats as the first contestant. Then, it fell flat on its face. Jack carried on nobly but, with no support, it was nothing but an anti-climax.

The performances of Miss Treasure Chest and Iona Twig

were only mildly amusing. It seemed as though all the good lines had already been given to Mr. Newman and Miss Cleats.

The choice of Miss Innis College Christmas Card was naturally narrowed down to Jack and Regina. Making Jack the winner at least gave a bit of humour to the end.

I fear the organizers of the pageant do not take it very seriously as a dramatic production. The beginning was good. With more effort and with more thought, in the choice of participants, it could be a really good show.

A Dog's Life Is Not All Love And Burger-Bits

by David Porker

Harold the dog walked into the Innis Common Room three weeks ago today, exuding warm love, faith in mankind, and a doggy odour. As the dog was wearing a small pink collar, and was well trained, we assumed that it was lost. But an ad in the Tely and a long weekend in the dog-pound failed to produce an owner. So Harold was saved from extinction by a small group of dedicated dog-lovers, and made the college its new home. However, when the higher authorities discovered the existence of a canine commuter student, an ultimatum was

delivered: Harold must go. And the fact that two forlorn-looking male mongrels continued to wait in the cold and the rain outside the door to the common room forced us to another disconcerting conclusion: Harold is a bitch.

Harold has gone now. She took the long walk to the Humane Society last week. All efforts to find a home for her failed. Harold will be kept by Society for a few more days and then go to the final resting place of all abandoned dogs. You still have time to save Harold.



from the council chambers

by Ken Saul

Would you believe loyalty to the College? Yes--that's what potential coaches in Innis are expected to feel in taking coaching jobs for our athletic teams. Somehow the Executive gets the idea that a sane student of the College, who plays for intercollegiate teams will turn down \$50 or better from other colleges to coach an Innis team for nothing. But loyalty as opposed to \$50 is a high price to pay. It is often more than a student can afford to sacrifice for the sake of his college.

Perhaps I am being somewhat unfair to the Executive, since they finally did approve in principle the paying of coaches. But this required quite a struggle.

Then, unbelievable, the very next motion put forth was to deduct from the Athletic budget, the funds with which to do so. Even more absurdly, the motion was passed!

Credit must go to Lynn Hutchings (3rd Year Women's Rep) and Laird Elliot (Men's Athletic Rep) for convincing the Executive of their folly at the next meeting.

ON THE BIAS

A new magazine is coming.

WE NEED

- short stories
- art work
- poetry
- essays

and help, lots of help, typists, editors, paste-up artists, etc.

Contact the Innis Herald.

921-4777.

yesterday...Today...TOMORROW

GIRLS' BASKETBALL: Innis Girls' Basketball team won their final game 16-4 against Pots Sr. Maie Niiholm was the top scorer with 10 points. Many thanks to all the girls who turned up so faithfully. Coach Sticky Wicket said, "You done good guys!"

SOCCER: Our soccer lost the final game for the championship in a wind-swept snowstorm to the biting Dents team 0-3. Thanks to the faithful fans who supported the team.

LACROSSE: Our lacrosse team has also reached the finals in their group. Having defeated Eng. II 7-2 they now go on to meet PHE C.

GIRLS' HOCKEY: In the first games of the season Innis has defeated U.C. 2-1 with Judy Kerwin and Fran Linton scoring, and New College 2-0 with Linda Naftel and Peggy McCordic scoring.

HOCKEY: The firsts have tied two games and lost one. Bud Patrick, Peter Barnes, and Milan Herceg have each scored twice and Rick Grace once for scores of 3-3 vs. PHE, 2-2 vs For.

and 2-2 vs New. The seconds have played twice and lost twice.

BASKETBALL: Just starting their season, our firsts have defeated New 35-31 and Dents 25-21 with Mendy Hersh said to be top scorer. Word has just reached the desk that the team was not so successful against Law. The answer I received when I asked the score cannot be printed.

WATER POLO: Practices are being held Thursdays at 1:00. Come out and join the team.

K.K.K.: If you missed the Mistletoe Mash, the biggest social occasion of the season, don't miss the next greatest, the Kandy Kane Kapers at New College on Dec. 16 with the Big Town Boys.

CLUBS: The Debating and Art Clubs will be having no meetings until after the new year.

OPEN MEETING: An open meeting of the ICSS will be held on Wednesday, Dec. 14th at 1:00 p.m. in the Common Room. Amendment of the constitution is sought. A quorum of over 50 Innis students is needed.

McPHERSON COMMISSION: Submissions must be in by the end

of term. Multi-faculty Commission take note.

BUILDING COMMITTEE welcomes any suggestions you may have for the new Innis Building. Speak to Ken Stone.

MANY THANKS to Rose Birnbaum for the work she did to collect about 50 Christmas presents for children at the University Settlement.

ARTS AND SCIENCE STUDENTS in 1st year whose Grade 13 averages were 66% or less should take note of the following:

1) If you fail at the Annual Examinations this session you may be suspended for one year from attendance in the Faculty of Arts and Science. During this year you will probably find it impossible to get into any Ontario university, and at the end of it, you might not be readmitted at Innis College.

2) If you took more than 2 years to complete Grade 13, your average may be lower than you think, since the Faculty makes a deduction in such cases.

Prof. Payzant or Miss McMahon will be glad to talk with you about your academic work and to explain the matters mentioned above.

Number 7876602

by Rene Sweet

I wouldn't have done it on my own, but John Bayly gave me the money. It cost \$4 to enter. It wasn't one of those programs where they just ask a couple of questions and then pick the names out of a hat. They wanted to know everything about me. I answered the questions honestly.

Well, I think I did. You can't blame a girl for writing down that she thinks she's attractive. All girls think they're attractive. Anyway, it said at the bottom of the form that they trusted my integrity. Who was I to argue?

It takes two weeks to come. The form, I mean. It's blue, with the names of two men. I figured if they took so long, they must have considered very carefully before deciding. I walked around the campus a lot, wondering if that was one of them in

the blue coat, or the one with the beard and the long hair. Maybe one was the nice boy in my Psychology class, the one with his nose bent out of shape. He looks funny, but he's really very sweet. I borrow his notes a lot.

I stayed in every night for a week, but nobody called me. I made my mother stay in all day till I got back from school in case he called. My father got angry when I told him he couldn't use the phone at night. But nobody called. I couldn't very well call one of the two dates... so I got my fiend, Chuck, not the one in my Psych class, but the blond one with the bands on his teeth that I have lunch with... he called and said he was from Dateline. He said it was a survey call to find out if the guys

were telephoning their dates.

Well, sure enough, one boy called the next night. He didn't sound too exciting on the phone, but what can you say on the telephone to a girl you don't know.

We went out the next night. It was a very interesting date, really, just fascinating. We went for a drive simply all over the York Campus. It's really fabulous, the York campus at night. And how that boy could talk! He talked all about photons. Told me they didn't have any mass. We had coffee next, in a cozy little restaurant on Woodbine Avenue. He talked some more about photons and then took me home. When we shook hands, his palm was all moist so I guess he must have liked me. It was a nice way to spend an hour.

My other computer date? He turned out to be a girl. Thought my name was René... some French cassanova.